Gwin Gwyn

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Gwin Gwyn

by Angelic_Disaster

Summary

The cherub Will is sent to dismantle the cult of a pagan god that is growing strong in Babylon.

“Of course it was you,” Will said, cracking a tired laugh.

He ends spending the night with one of the seven princes of Hell.

Notes

Hey, this is a (smut) variation of the Babylon scene from my other fic for the Hannibal AUgust: Gwyn Coch, (that you don't need to read to be able to read this one because this one is only pure porn) if you're interested in reading Hannibal and Will's relationship over the History of Humanity (that is not explicit/sexual, sorry) you can find it here or clicking in *previous work* on the series.

If you're coming from *Gwyn Coch* THANK YOU! Enjoy the smut!

Title: Gwyn Gwin from the Welsh *White Wine*

See the end of the work for more notes

“Of course it was you,” Will said, cracking a tired laugh.

“Welcome to my humble home, Will.” The mouth that crossed vertically on Hannibal’s throat greeted him as the demon stood up from a throne made of gold and shining jewels. He was dressed in robes made of colorful threads that showed his skin caressed by the sun and his thousands of mouths on display.

The torches’ fire casted dancing shadows over the stone floors where worshipers laid, gloating themselves with obscene foods and drinks, thick smokes and warm, naked bodies. Two worshipers dressed in gold sat forgotten on the armrests of Hannibal’s throne, where previously they were feeding the demon pieces of bleeding meat, as the demon walked towards the angel.

Hannibal gestured to the guards at the angel’s side, and they submissively lowered their weapons.

“What brings you to me, cunning cherub?” the demon spoke with that blasphemous voice that characterized him, thick like the smoke of hallucinogenic herbs filling the temple and Will’s senses.

“An assignment,” he answered after a moment, recovering his voice. Hannibal made another gesture to him, as he started walking down the temple, and the fire made the jewels adorning his antlers. He followed Hannibal towards a hallway from where smooth curtains hung and danced around them, caressing their skins like water. “I was sent to investigate a pagan god that was growing a strong number of followers. I don’t know why it didn't occur to me it could have been you.”

Another room opened for them where the smoke was thicker, with cushions scattered across the floor and worshippers naked and moaning on top of each other like a beast made of mouths and flesh. Will made a conscious effort to look away, but he couldn’t control the ceaseless watch of the thousands of his eyes to travel back to the scene. A woman dressed in purple robes offered the angel a jar of wine, and he declined graciously.

“Are you surprised?” The mouth on Hannibal’s back asked, as the demon took a plate of fruits; he snapped his fingers, dismissing with the gesture all the worshippers and servants from the room. As they left Will closed his eyes, bowing his human face until they were gone and he was left alone with the demon.

“I feel like I shouldn’t; Hannibal, god of abundance,” the angel said in faux mocking, recovering from the scenes. “I can’t believe I didn’t see it coming,” he chuckled and the demon shrugged, proceeding to sit over the cushions, laying there with the robes cascading across his form as the angel stood in a corner with his hands firmly clasped behind his back, trying to hide inside the wall. “But it is a pleasant surprise, nonetheless.”

“Pleasant?” The mouths of Hannibal’s body chuckled while the one in his chest spoke joyfully. The mouth on Hannibal’s face just smiled with sharp fangs as the demon gestured him to come closer and sit along him, offering his hand.

“It makes my job easier,” the angel said, walking carefully, slow steps until he stood over the demon. Hannibal didn’t comment on the bright flush of the angel’s face, nor the nervousness in his voice. But Will could feel the pleasure emanating from the demon. He hoped he could blame it on the fire and the smoke. “Heaven sent me to dismantle your cult,” he warned, but there was no bite, no offence in it. The grin in Hannibal's mouths widened.

“But you won’t.”

“Only one cherub against one of the princes of Hell? Hell, no.” The angel laughed, accepting the hand and being led by the demon over the cushions. “But I’ll warn you, I’ll send a message notifying them that you’re here. It would do you good to lay low for a while."

"How boring," the demon moaned dramatically, leaning his head over the angel's shoulder.

"I think you mean how kind of *me,"* Will laughed, but didn’t shrug the demon off his shoulder, letting the hot breath warm his skin, letting Hannibal drink in his essence.

"Yes, so kind from you," Hannibal chuckled deeply, the exhalation of breath tickling the white skin of the angel and sending pleasant shivers through his spine. “You’re always so kind, Will, so good with me,” he mumbled, nosing along the angel’s throat. “Allow me to return the favor.”

“You don’t have to,” Will tried to say and ended up swallowing a moan when the mouth at Hannibal’s throat opened and hot saliva dripped into his skin. Hannibal’s dark chuckle echoed in the chamber, as it did his long, deep inhale.

“It has been *so long* since you spent the night with me,” Hannibal moaned, dark and low with the mouth closer to Will’s ear. “My home is your home, Will, my bed is your bed whenever you want.”

“I–, I should be going,” Will said, but he made no attempt to move except for the stretch of his throat, leaving more space for the demon to nuzzle at.

“I can smell it on you, the *want,* you know I can,” he said, entirely thrilled by the game the angel was playing. “But if that’s the game you want to play Will…”

Will opened his eyes, the sharp smell of ozone and burning candles suddenly filled the air.

“I’m not playing any game, Hannibal,” he said between clenched teeth. But followed Hannibal’s touch, as the demon pushed him down, until the angel laid over the cushions, covered by the demon’s body.

“The devoted, righteous angel tempted by a demon to commit such sinfuls acts,” Hannibal’s mouths laughed, as he sat over Will, straddling the angel’s body between his legs. He smiled from all his mouths, disrobing casually. “Tell me to stop, then.”

Will sent him a heated glare, a mix between barely contained desire and truthful ire, but laid himself open, grabbing Hannibal’s wrists and directing the demon’s hands where he wanted

them: tearing his robes in pieces with the sharp fangs of Hannibal's mouths in his palms; leaving pink, burning trails where they traced across his skin.

"Would you let me dress you in the morning, Will?" Hannibal asked, lowering himself to leave wet kisses at every patch of skin he found. "Spoil you with the riches of my temple? You will look lovely in blue," he said from one of his mouths, probably the one resting at his back, that was the only one not able to kiss the angel's skin. "I've been saving some robes, hoping you would come to my temple one day."

"Do you ever shut up?" Will tried to groan, but his voice broke in a moan by the overwhelming attention; all of Hannibal's mouths opened, leaving no place of Will's body untouched and unattended. The ones in his palms traveled across Will's body where the other ones didn't reach, the one on Hannibal's chest bit at the pink nipples growing swollen. The one in the demon's throat sucked deep, red marks that would grow violet and blue in hours in the angel's throat.

"Terrible, spoiled thing," Hannibal whispered, sucking another mark over Will's jaw and under his ear as more mouths opened in his skin, wanting to devour the sweet, tender flesh under him.

"Who of us is really the spoiled one?" Will asked with a playful grin, managing a full sentence even over his soft moans, pulling Hannibal away from his already tender neck. "Which genitalia do you want me to have?"

"Why not both?" Hannibal said, pulling away the last of his robes, hanging by his hips and revealing a generous girth, and under his balls soft and dripping lips. Words abandoned the angel, his eyes wide open. "Don't fret, dear Will. I can show you *so* many things," the demon said, pulling the rest of Will's clothes away gently. The angel just nodded with his cheeks red like two ripe apples.

A snap of fingers, a moment of blinding light, and his robes were gone, leaving his lovely cock to Hannibal's mercy, and under it, the black hair covering the sweet slick dripping between his folds.

"Lovely, beautiful thing," Hannibal muttered, lowering himself again on top of Will, moving his hands between the angel's legs.

Will's moans were a chorus of bells; delicious in his sweet voice, feeding Hannibal as they flowed from his plush lips. For all the purity the angel had in himself, it was delightfully sinful to hear him whine, feel his body spasm as the demon palmed at his legs, opening them and bowing down to lick the pearl drop of slick leaking from the head of Will's cock.

"You claim that I'm the spoiled one, Will," Hannibal's chest-mouth chuckled. "I wonder," another added above Will's strangled whine, "what wouldn't you let me do to you?"

The demon lapped languidly at the cock head, shining with dripping saliva in bright red; he moved his hands up and down on Will's inner thighs, palming the sensible skin and dragging his fangs, drawing thin marks all across it.

"Keep teasing and discover it," Will groaned, threading his fingers in Hannibal's hair, careful with the demon's antlers

"How rebellious you have turned," one of Hannibal's mouth said, probably the one in his back, since his hand and face were occupied and the one in his throat was desperate to reach the tantalizing wetness in front of it. "It's a mystery how you haven't fallen yet."

"I should receive a commendation, for keeping you fed and quiet," and how truly fed Hannibal was. Will's pleasure was heavy in his tongues; so thick in the air he could almost touch it. The smell of candle wax hanging heavy in the air as Hannibal kept lapping at Will's cock. "Well, mostly fed," Will laughed breathlessly when Hannibal unhinged his jaw and engulfed his cock inside his mouth, cushioning it like royalty on his hot tongue. The demon laughed at Will's loud moan, at the sudden nervous, desperate thrust of the angel's hips against his face.

"Not exactly quiet," Will added after Hannibal's pleased chuckle.

Gluttony could be related to a lot of things; not only food. And Hannibal was a glutton for Will's taste, the bitterness of his pre-cum and the sweet, pearly slick running by his fingers to his wrist. He moved up and down, swallowing the shaft until it hit the back of his throat. Lapping hungrily at the head with fast, circular twists of his tongue. Hannibal moved his hands to Will's hips, steading the needy jerk of his hips.

"Your pleasure is exquisite," the demon said from one of the mouths. *"You* darling thing, are the most delicious thing I ever tasted," the mouth spoke as Hannibal hollowed his cheeks, sucking until he felt his lips start to swollen and drool drip from the corners of his mouth and travel all the way down, mixing with the wetness between his folds; clinging at the pubic hair of Will's balls and pussy, and the threads that got far enough with Will's slick to his ass.

Will didn't answer, he just kept pulling at Hannibal's hair, pushing deep inside the cavernous mouth. Will's eyes could as well be closed, but Hannibal felt the ceaseless gaze of thousands of eyes burning in his back and over his head.

The demon smiled, showing a dangerous grin to the beholding eye of the angel, releasing one of Will's legs and moving his fingers towards the poor, unattended cunt.

"Fuck!" Will shouted, his whole body spasming as one finger slid inside, then another instantly after.

"Poor thing," Hannibal said with false pity, "look how hungry you are, your greedy little cunt is so open. I don't think my fingers will be enough. What do you think, Will?"

Will opened his mouth, but instead of an answer he left out a pathetic, needy whine when the tongue from Hannibal's palm licked at the plump clit.

Hannibal fingered the angel slowly, the tongue of his palm lapping at the begging nub and drinking the juices rolling down, while Hannibal kept sucking unrelentingly at Will's cock, making the angel tremble.

"How beautiful you look like this, Will," Hannibal said, raising his head but not stopping the movement of his fingers, contemplating Will's wretched form under him with pleased eyes; Will's body shaking and thoroughly marked by teeth and nails was absolutely *gorgeous*.

"Do you think you can keep still?" Hannibal asked, breaking the sparkling thread of spit locking his swollen lips to Will's cock. He lifted Will's legs over his shoulders, receiving a petulant whine when he took his hand away from Will's cunt.

Will nodded, unable to make any coherent sequence of noises.

The smell of ozone and candle wax of Will's scent mixed with the fire and the smoke of Hannibal's, sticking to them in their skin. But closer to Will's tender cunt, the sweet smell of ripe fruit was overwhelming, delicious in itself. Hannibal's mouths watered and he directed Will to his face.

The mouth at Hannibal's throat opened expectantly, and with less difficulty than he expected, Hannibal managed to bury his face between Will's folds, separating them with one hand. He stroked and pinched at the sensitive clit, while the tongue of his palm and him licked together. Meanwhile, the mouth of his throat aligned with Will's neglected rimm slided out, lapping hungrily at the puckered hole as best as it could.

"Hannibal!" Will shouted, the fire from the torches burned brighter; and when Hannibal's free hand grabbed Will's length, with his tongue snaking around it, the light in the room twisted from orange to yellow, to green to blue and all the colors in between, distorting itself into fractals.

Will shook under him, the many faces of the angel twitching and glitching between the ethereal and the human plane; puffs of white wings manifested in random places around them just for the feathers to fall on the floor. Light started to beam from Will's chest and his many eyes to open in his skin and everywhere where the light touched.

Will's desperation was as delicious as his pleasure, and both of them together was a meal that could keep Hannibal satisfied for millenia and to crave them more because of it.

"I'm close," Will moaned, but he held onto Hannibal's hair, wrapping his legs around his shoulders and neck, letting it clear that there was no option for Hannibal to pull away.

It would be a lie to say that Hannibal didn't consider it for a moment. To tease Will for hours, even days if the angel allowed, Hannibal would have done it gladly. But it has been so many years, a full century at least, without having the taste of Will in his tongues and Hannibal was *hungry.*

Slick dripped from Hannibal's chin and neck, and the mouth on his chest gratefully licked at the mix of drool and fluids that reached it.

Will trembled, his whole body alight, beaming with light and fire wanting to burst. Hannibal pressed his face more, fingering inside and sucking at Will's clit until he screamed and a cascade of sweet nectar washed inside his mouths.

Will's body collapsed, one of his arms at his side and the other over his teary eyes. Slowly, the light around him dimmed and he recovered the control over his faces until there was only one, and the eyes disappeared from his skin.

"My, my, my," Hannibal chucked, cleaning the slick and droll from his face as he pulled Will's legs out of his shoulders and onto the cushions. "Insatiable, greddy thing," he said with faux pity, rubbing his thumb over the swollen, slicked head of Will's still hard cock.

Will breathed a tired laugh, hoarse in his tired throat. He opened one eye, just to pull Hannibal by the hair towards him in a languid kiss, sweet and gentle. Will threaded his fingers into Hannibal's ashen hair, swallowing the demon's soft moans.

He guided Hannibal to sit on top of him without tearing their lips apart, and Hannibal placed his *truly* insatiable hands on his throat, nibbling at the tender flesh of it without letting the angel a moment to breathe.

Will started to thrust their hips together, feeling the hot skin of the demon against his. The aftershock and the overstimulation bothering him not enough to tear himself apart from the demon. He grinded their cocks together in slow movements, long enough that his own cock ended rubbing itself against Hannibal's neglected cunt, making the tip slip inside a couple of times.

"Stop teasing me, Will," Hannibal purred, too content to be taken seriously. Will smiled in the kiss, hearing the sharp intake of breath when he slid his cock inside halfway just to pull away.

"Will," he warned.

"Shhh, Hannibal," Will muttered, doing his best to sit with Hannibal over his lap and trying to keep him from pushing all the way down on his cock. "You forget that as you feed from me, I too feed from you."

Will held Hannibal's waist tight, controlling his thrusts just to go half an inch deeper with every new one. A slow, gentle pace.

The light from Will's chest didn't dim; it was warm, not hot as Hannibal's skin, just warm. The kind of warm that melts ice slowly but steady and fills you from inside. Will kissed Hannibal with the same pace, deep and caring and gentle until Hannibal was fully seated on him.

"There you are," Will whispered over the demon's lips, moving one of his hands to stroke between his shoulder blades, the other drawing nonsensical patterns on the skin of his hips. Hannibal moaned from so deep inside him all his mouths echoed the sentiment.

Will took advantage of the moment when Hannibal threw his head back in pleasure to kiss the mouth on his throat. He moved, nuzzling and kissing Hannibal's skin, the shoulder and the arm, pulling Hannibal's wrist from where his palms sucked at his neck to kiss them both without stopping thrusting inside the demon.

The light in Will's chest never faded nor dimmed; it was fed by Hannibal, by his soft moans and the tears he held back, his lovely whines and the shivers of his spine every time Will brushed against the tender spot inside him.

Will kissed every one of Hannibal's mouths, the one in his chest and the ones that appeared desperate for Will's attention. "Hello to you too," he whispered to every one of them, kissing the mouths calmly and slowly as the others echoed Hannibal's sweet cries.

The light around them turned from the orange of the fire and the thousands of colors of Will's eyes to a soft pink, fed by Hannibal's blooming emotions.

Finally, Will conjured his wings to the mortal realm, and draped Hannibal in them. Eyes opened from every spot, watching as Hannibal moaned and rutted over him.

"That's it, Hannibal, let me give you what you need," Will said, moving one of his hands to rub at Hannibal's swollen clit, the other holding him by the neck. Will kissed Hannibal's tears away, whispering sweet nonsense in his mind.

"Will," the mouth at Hannibal's chest moaned, and Hannibal sobbed, the light around them turned bright pink, beaming and pulsing.

"I know, Hannibal, I know," Will said, pulling Hannibal into another kiss. "Let go, I have you."

And Hannibal melted in his arms; most of the mouths closed themselves, now satisfied. The demon panted, opening his hazed eyes. Slick dripped like water between their legs as Hannibal came, pressing his forehead on Will's.

"You're glowing," Hannibal muttered against the skin of Will's neck, nuzzling at it and muffling a pitiful whine as the angel pulled his cock from inside him, gently laying the demon to rest on top of his chest.

"And I'll glow for another hour at least," he said, his laugh dying in his throat when Hannibal, not content without being filled, took his own cock in his hands to slide into Will himself.

"I'll stop when you stop glowing," Hannibal said, giving a soft peck to Will's swollen lips.

"I won't stop glowing if you keep this up, Hannibal," Will smiled, his laugh sounding like bells in the air.

"Better so. So I can keep you with me," the angel shook his head, the smile still tugging at his lips, and draped the demon between his wings, wrapping his arms over Hannibal's shoulders.

"Spoiled," Will said without any kind of malice, kissing Hannibal again.

End Notes

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Thank you for reading. Lots of love, Angel ♡

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